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table of contents.
Cover page has owner signature.

Sur Copy

Hand
Gene Walcott

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8 TFW STAG BAR

Kunsan AB, Korea



RESTRICTED
NOT TO BE TAKEN INTO THE
MAIN BAR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I

THE 8th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING - STAG BAR SONGS

#1	- OLD GRAY BUSTLE ✓	Page 1
#2	- SALLY ✓	Page 1
#3	- THE BALLS OF O'LEARY ✓	Page 1
#4	- I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE ✓	Page 1
#5	- MARY ANN BURNS	Page 1
#6	- HUMORESQUE	Page 2
#7	- UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABLE	Page 2
#8	- MY HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN	Page 2
#9	- ADELINE SCHMIDT	Page 3
#10	- SAMMY SMALL	Page 3
#11	- RING DANG DOO	Page 4
#12	- NO BALLS AT ALL	Page 5
#13	- NELLY DARLING	Page 5
#14	- KOTEX SONG	Page 5
#15	- THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHIRSTMAS	Page 5
#16	- THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL	Page 6
#17	- TIME MY PECKER AROUND A TREE	Page 6
#18	- THE MOUSE	Page 7
#19	- THE LADY IN RED	Page 7
#20	- LET'S HAVE A PARTY	Page 7
#21	- GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW	Page 8
#22	- BLESS'EM ALL	Page 8
#23	- ROLL YOUR LEG OVER	Page 9
#24	- SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME	Page 9
#25	- OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER	Page 10
#26	- ROLL ME OVER	Page 10
#27	- I LOVE MY WIFE	Page 10
#28	- THE DILL DO	Page 10
#29	- KUNSAN	Page 11
#30	- SAIGON CITY	Page 11
#31	- WHY DO THE DRUMS GO BOOM	Page 12
#32	- THE SCOTCH WEDDING	Page 13

TABLE OF CONTENTS CON'T:

II

#33	- WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLY	Page 14, 15 & 16
#34	- THE HAMBURG ZOO	Page 16, 17
#35	- POEM	Page 17
#36	- POEM	Page 17
#37	- POEM	Page 17
#38	- OLD WOMAN FROM CIDER	Page 17
#39	- BLESSED ARE WOMEN	Page 18
#40	- THE SHEEPHERDER LAY	Page 18
#41	- THEM TOAD SUCKERS	Page 18
#42	- THEM DOODLE DASHERS	Page 18
#43	- THEM MOOSE GOOSERS	Page 19
#44	- A NIGHT IN KUNSAN KOREA	Page 19
#45	- RANGY LIL	Page 20
#46	- POEM	Page 20
#47	- DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW	Page 21
#48	- CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY	Page 21
#49	- CATS ON THE ROOF TOP	Page 21 & 22

#1

OLD GRAY BUSTLE TUNE: OLD GRAY BONNET

PAGE 1

Put on your old ^agray bustle and get out and hustle,
For tomorrow the rent's coming due.
Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over,
If you can't get five, take two.

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties,
And we'll go for a tussle in the hay.
Now there's no use duckin' cause you're gonna get a fuckin',
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old ^agray corset, if it won't fit, force it,
For the fleet is coming in today.
As the bees make honey, let your ass make money,
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on that old blue ointment, the crabs' disappointment,
And we'll kill those bastards where they lay.
Though it scratches and it itches, it will kill those sons-of-bitches,
In the good old fashioned way.

#2

SALLY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM

#3

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY TUNE: THE BELLS OF ST. MARY

The Balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely and stately
Like the Dome of St. Paul
The women all muster
To see that great cluster
They stand and they stare
At that hairy great pair
Of O'Leary's Balls

#4

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh I want to play piano in a whore house
That is my one desire
Some people may be bankers,
Or farmers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill repute

Now you may think this strange, my advocacy
But cardinal copulation's here to stay
I don't want fame or riches
I want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whore house

#5

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that will give a man the shits
Roll green peas up her fundamental orifice
Do a double back flip, catch'em on her tits
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice the size of me
With hair around her ass like the branches on a tree
She can SHIT, FART, FIGHT, FUCK, ROLL A BARREL, DRIVE A TRUCK
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing shadows in the dark
If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Since I met you daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your God Damn town

#7 UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL TUNE: Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,
This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning,

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,
Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon

A-MEN

#8 MY HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars ~~and a~~
My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition I'm in

Chorus:

Sin, Sin, Sin, Sin, My God the condition I'm in, I'm in
Sin, Sin, Sin, Sin, My God how the money rolls in

My fater he died in the bathtub
My mother she died in the gin
My siter she married my brother
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I'M IN

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
 She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit
 He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
 Up went the window and out went her ass

Chorus: It was brown, brown shit falling down
 Brown, Brown shit all around
 It was brown, brown shit falling down
 Covered ~~all over~~ with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT
 The whole world was covered

A handsome young copper was walking his best
 He happened to be on that side of the street
 He looked up so bashful, He looked up so shy
 And a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye

The handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore
 He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
 'Neath London Bridge he is now forced to sit
 With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all
 Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all
 Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball
 But that's better than none at all, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all
 Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all
 Oh, they say I killed a ^{man} dead, with a fucking piece of lead
 Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all
 Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all
 Oh, they say I've got to swing, from a fucking piece of string
 What a silly fucking thing, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all
 Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all
 Oh, they say I greased the rope, from a fucking bar of soap
 What a silly fucking joke, so fuck them all

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all
 Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all
 Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come
 He can shove them up his bung, so fuck them all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all
 Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all
 Oh, the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task
 What a silly fucking ass, so fuck them all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all
 Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all
 Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew
 They have fuck all else to do, so fuck them all

I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all
 I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all
 I see Molly in the crowd, and I feel so fucking proud
 That I'm shouting right out loud:

OH, FUCK'EM ALL

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring=dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

"CHORUS"

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell
She told her ma and father to
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son-of-a-bitch
He had the crabs and the jockey itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobo's too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

There once was girl named Sara McFox
 With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
 She married a man named Patrick McCall
 With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chrous: No balls at all
 No balls at all
 A very short peter and no balls at all

The very first night that they were wed
 They took all their clothes and went straight to bed
 She reached for his pecker, it was very samall
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?
 I've married a man who never can screw
 I reached for his pecker, it was very small
 I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh daughter dear, daughter don't be sad
 It was the same trouble I had with your dad
 The daughter went home, took her mothers advice
 And found the results most exceedingly nice
 A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
 To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly Darling
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green
~~There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel~~
~~There's a million crabs abounding on your titty~~
 You the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen
~~There's an odor of blue diamond round your pussy~~
~~There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel~~
 And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
 There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
 So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
 When the end of the month rolls around
 Now she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms
 When the end of the month rolls around
 For it's hi, hi, hee in the Kotex industry
 Call out your sizes loud and strong
 Super-Junior-Band-Aid
 For where ere you go, the blood will always flow
 When the end of the month rolls around

On the 1st day of Christmas my true love gave to me:

	A hand job in a pear tree
2nd day	Two brass balls
3rd day	Three french ticklers
4th day	Four cock suckers
5th day	Five Mother Fuckers
6th day	Six sacks of shit
7th day	Severn scrotums swinging
8th day	Eight assholes itching
9th day	Nine nipples nibbling
10th day	Ten titties tingling
11th day	Eleven lesbians licking
12th day	Twelve twats a twitching

#16

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

PAGE 6

^{fucking pilot}
An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel
Two brass Balls all filled with cream
And the whole fucking ^{thing} issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last the maiden ^{cried} cried, ^{In and out until she's cried,}
"Enough, enough. I'm satisfied"

But now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking ^{place} issue was covered with shit

#17

TIE MY PECKER AROUND A TREE TUNE: Chisolm Trail

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny
She said boy you can't have any

Chorus: Come and tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree
Come and tie my pecker to a tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel
She said for that you don't even get a tickle

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime
She said young man you're wasting your time

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was wiggle her tits

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck
She said young man you've bought a fuck

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink
Oh my God how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sittin', fucked her lying'
If I'd had wings I'd fucked her flying

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw
Fifteen crabs and big blue ball

I went to the a doctor, cause my pecker was sore
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see, I'm a peckerless man
I fuck'em with my finger and fool'em when I can

#18

THE MOUSE✓

PAGE 7

Ok The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When out of ^{his house} a hole came a little brown mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat ^{his song:}
And all night long you could hear him roar:
"BRING ON THE GOD DAMNED CAT!!!"

#19

THE LADY IN RED

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to a lady in red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are"
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her
The things a young firl should know
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go, mostly go.....
Now age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar
So remember you mothers and sisters, boys
And let her sleep under the bar.

#20

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go around
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party

We're going to tear down the bar in our club	Boo
We're gonnabuild a NEW bar	Ray
It's only gonna be a foot wide	Boo
But it'll be a MILE long	Ray
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	Boo
We're gonna have BARMAIDS	Ray
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	Boo
Made of CELLOPHANE	Ray
You can't take our barmaids home	Boo
They'll take YOU home	Ray
You can't sleep with our barmaids	Boo
They won't LET you sleep	Ray
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	Boo
Whiskey FREE	Ray
Only one to a customer	Boo
Served in BUCKETS	Ray
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
Then we'll all go swimming	Ray
No girls allowed above the first	Boo
With their CLOTHES ON	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	Boo
And no dancing on the LOVING floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY

There's an old hollow tree down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go round the bend and when you come back again
Your jug's full of the good old mountain dew

Chorus:

They call it that good old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew

My bother Bill has a still on the hill-
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The birds in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smellin' that good old mountain dew

Now my uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short
Only measures bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew

My old aunt June, brought some brand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smelling phew
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick'
When you've been on a rail cut or two
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort
Of that good old mountain dew

Bless'em all, Bless'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet should stall
You're due for one hell of a fall
No lillys or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Bless'em all

Bless'em all, Bless'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants
The sour ^{poor} puss-ones ^{airmen with}
Bless all the corporals and their dopey sons
Cause we're saying good-bye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here, Bless'em all

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little old turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Bypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G/string oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebeelum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

Oh it's beer, beer, beer
 That makes you want to cheer
 In the Corps, in the Corps
 Oh it's beer, beer, beer
 That makes you want to cheer
 In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
 I have not brought my specs with me

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey
 Gin - That makes you want to sin
 Vodka - That makes you feel you oughta
 Sautern - That makes your belly burn
 Vermouth - The makes you feel uncouth
 Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'
 Wine - That makes you feel so fine
 Rum - That makes you feel so dumb
 Rye - That makes you feel so sly
 Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy
 Likker - That makes you ever sicker
 Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy

#26

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one and the song has just begun

CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again
 Roll me over in the clover
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew.
 Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee.
 Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor.
 Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh.
 Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix.
 Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven.
 Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate.
 Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine.
 Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

#27

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
 I love her truly.
 I love the hole that she pisses through.
 I love her tits, tiddly-its, tiddly-its
 And her little brown asshole.
 I'd eat her shit - gobble, gobble
 Chomp, Chomp
 With a rusty spoon.

#28

THE DILL DO

What is a Dill Do Daddy?
 Asked my young daughter aged 9
 A Dill Do my chick
 Is a property prick
 About 5 times the size of mine

Your mother got one for Christmas
 It hung on the Christmas Tree
 Now she has it away
 About 5 times a day
 And she don't give a fuck for me

Way out in Korea
Is a place called the Kun
If I never see it agin
It will be to soon

The winters are cold
And the wind it does blow
You sit down in Silver Town
Theres no place to go

The guys at Randolph
Sent me to this Wing
They said son you'll like it
It's career broadening

The Yo's down in A Town
Make the time pass away
For 4,000 Won
You're a lover all day

So come you young fellas
And listen to me
I'll sing you a sad song
Of Kunsan by the sea

Oscar and OB
Help ease the pain
Better have another
It's past midnight again

The summers are hot there
And ripe Kim Chee tastes swell
The paddies are growing
They stink like hell

One day it will happen
The 3 holers for me
And I'll never remember
Old Kunsan by the Sea

#30

Kunsan AB
SAIGON CITY

TUNE: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Here's to old Saigon, it's a
hell of a place
The way things are run is
a frigging disgrace
There's Captains, and Majors
and Lite Colonels too
With their thumbs up their
asses and nothing to do

They stand on the flightline
and scream and they shout
They scream about things they
know nothing about
For all the good they do, they
might as well be
Shoveling Shit on the Isle of Capri

It's up in the morning and
to the latrine
It burns when I pee cause
I've been with a queen
I've got it bad, and I'm
telling you
If you don't quit "short timing"
you'll have it too

When this year is over we'll
all go back home
Back to our round-eyes and
never more roam
To hell with old Saigon *Kunsan* and
her misery *Kunsan*
To hell with old Saigon and
all her VD.

I had a little girl down in Baltimore
But the funk from her drawers knocked me flat on the floor

CHORUS: She's a rotten motherfucker and I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom?

Well...I took her to the chruch just to meet all the people
But the funk from her drawers knocked the cross off the steeple

Well...I took her to the store just to buy some peas
But the funk from her drawers knocked the clerk on his knees

Well...I took her to the form just to get a job
But the funk from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob

Well...I took her to the movie but the crowd got mad
When the funk from her drawers knocked the flick off the screen

Well...I took her to the beach man she was a dish
But the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

Well...I took her to the club for a bite to eat
But the funk from her drawers burned a hole in the seat

Well...I took her to Korat just to meet the Thais
But the funk from her drawers brought the tears to their eyes

Well...I took her to the field just to watch me fly
But the funk from her drawers knocked my Thud from the sky

Well...I took her down to Veenas but they started bitchen
When the funk from her drawers drew the flies from the kitchen

Well...I took her to my hooch cause I thought I's score
But the funk from her drawers burned the paint off the door

Well...I took her to the park just to roll in the grass
But the funk from her drawers curled the hairs on my ass

Well...I took her to my room and I started to hunch
But the funk from her drawers made me blow my lunch

Well...I slipped it up her tubes and I tried to coat'em
But the funk from her drawers peeled the skin off my scrotum

Well...I fucked her on the floor man it was a feeling
When the funk from her drawers stuck my ass to the ceiling

Well...I paid her fifty bucks cause it was a thrill
But the funk from her drawers wiped the ink off the bill

Well...They took my little girl to the police station
Said the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation

Well...They took her to the court for speedy trial
But the funk from her drawers laid the judge in the aisle

Well...They locked her in a jail but she's doin well
Cause the funk from her drawers killed the rats in her cell

Well...I lost my little girl but I didn't mind
Cause the funk from her drawers nearly made me blind

Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself

Chorus: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

The were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks
You couldn't hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You couldn't see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

OR ELDER
The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling throught his tool

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger wouldn't dance
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance

The firey Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with his crutch

The chimney sweep and he was there, we had to put him oot
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked a letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

*The Village Prostitute she was there a lying on the floor
every time she spread her legs the suction shot the come*

There was a young man from Boston
 Who traded his car for an Austin
 There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
 But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

I Yi Yi Yi, ^{fishy pilots eat pussy} in china they don't eat chili
 So sing us another verse
 That's worse than the other verse
 Oh, waltz me around again willy

CHORUS

There was a young man from Dundee
 Who ^{buggered} an ape in a tree
 The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
 Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young man from Kildair
 Who buggered his girl on the stairs
 The bannister broke, he doubled his stoke
 And finished her off in mid air

There was a young queer from Khartuom
 Who took a young lesbian to his room
 They argued all night, as to who had the right
 To doo what, with which, and to whom

There was a professor from the Mall
 Who possessed a cylindrical ball
 The cube root of it's weight, plus his penis, plus eight
 Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There was a young girl from St. Paul
 Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
 Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire
 Front page, sports section and all

There was a young lady from Wheeling
 Who had a peculiar feeling
 She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
 And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young man from Nantucket
 Whose dick was so long he could suck it
 He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
 If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it

There was a young man from Kent
 Whose dick was so long that it bent
 To save himself trouble, he put it in double
 And instead of coming, he went

There once was a man of class
 Whose balls were made of brass
 When they swung together, they played stormy weather
 And lightning shot out of his ass

There once was a girl from France
 Who boarded a train by chance
 The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor
 And the brakeman went off in his pants

There once was a man from Bombay
 Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
 The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick
 And rubbed all his foreskin away

There once was girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braille

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' em
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in' em

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played God Save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents' disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as he handed him his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast

In the garden on Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth
There were only two balls and he had'em

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus
They found her vagina, in South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are divine
But llamas are numero uno

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM CHALLOT
WHO DINED ON VOMIT AND SNOT.
HE SAID "IT'S A BREEZE"
AS HE ATE THE GREEN CHEESE
16 METERS TWAT

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one

There was a man from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuder
How the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted the measure
But for cheese he found underneath

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick
And considerably thicker than you

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went to the garden to pee
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come
I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling

#34

THE HAMBURG ZOO

CHORUS:

Oh, We're going to the Hamburg Zoo
To see the elephant^{OFF} and the wild Kangaroo
We'll all be togeter
In fair or stormy weather
We're going to the Hamburg Zoo

The Alligator

Over here, ladies and gentlemen we have the al-l-gat-or
Each year the female al-l-gat-or swims upstream and lays one million eggs
The male al-l-gat-or follows her upstream and eat 999,999 of those eggs
Why does he eat all those eggs?
Oh because he's up to eat his al-l-gat-or

The Leopard

Over here we have the Le-o-pard A LE-OPARD?
 The Le-o-pard who has one spot for every day of the year
 Lift up the Le-o-pards tail and show the lady the 24th of November

The tight skinned owl

Here we have the tight skinned owl THE TIGHT SKINNED OWL?
 Whose skin is so tight that everytime he blinks his eyes he masturbates himself
 Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes

The Orangatang

The O-rang-a-tang whose balls hang so low that everytime he swings from tree to tree his balls go O-rang-a-tang

The Ki Ki Bird

Over here ladies and gentlemen, we have the Ki Ki bird. THE KIKI BIRD?
 The Ki Ki bird who flies in ever decreasing circles
 Until he flies up his own asshole
 The Ki Ki bird can be distinguished by his inimitable cry
 Ki Ki Ki-ris it's dark in here

The Lost Tribe of Africa

Here we have the lost tribe of Africa
 The lost tribe of Africa who wandered lost in the jungle for many a year
 The lost tribes cry could be heard in the jungle Fuga we-Fuga we, where the
 Fug are we.

The Horny Bird

The female horny bird can be distinguished by her cry
 Want Some, Want Some, Want Some
 And the male horny bird by his cry
 Here it tis, Here it tis, Here it tis

#35

TOAST to ROAST

Here's to the girl in the high heeled shoes
 She'll take your money and drink your booze
 She'll hug you and kiss you and say she's your lover
 Then she'll go home and sleep with her mother.

#36

Heres to the girl with bright blue eyes
 And the patch of hair between her thighs
 She's got no dick but thats no sin
 She's got a damn fine place to put one in

#37

I drink to your health when we're together
 I drink to your health when I'm alone
 I drink to your health so god damn often
 I'm rapidly loosing my own

#38

OLD WOMAN FROM CIDER

There was an old woman from cider
 Threw her leg over a spider
 The spider got mad
 Stuck out his lad
 And swore by the bible he'd lay her

Blessed are women those creatures devine
Blossom every month, bear every nice
The're the only creatures in either heaven or hell
Who can get juice out of a nut without cracking the shell

THE SHEEPHERDER LAY

The sheepherder lay in the tall, tall grass
His favorite dog lay close to his ass
Through a hole in his worn blue coveralls
A toothless Ewe lay licking his balls
A Magpie watched from a fence close by
Gazing at the scene with practiced eye
His gun went off, the old Ewe quit
The hound dog yelped, the Magpie shit

THEM TOAD SUCKERS

How about them toad suckers
Ain't they hogs?
Sittin' there sucking
Them green toady frogs

Suckin' them hop toads
Suckin' them chunkers
Suckin' them leafy types
Suckin' them plunkers

Look at them toad suckers
Ain't they snappy
Suckin them bog frogs
Sure makes 'em happy

Them hugger mugger toad suckers
Way down South
Stickin' them sucky toads
In they mouth

How to be a toad sucker
No way to duck it
Get yourself a toad
Rare back and suck it

THEM DOODLE DASHERS

How about the doodle dashers
Ain't they jewels
Jumpin' out of bushes
Wavin' they tools

Jumpin out of palm trees
Jumpin out of shrubs
Leapin out of flower beds
Wavin' they nubs

Look at them doodle dashers
Ain't they queer
Flaggin' they talleywhacker
Then disappear

Them ever lovin' doodle dashe
Ain't they pearls
Wavin' they doodle knobs
At them girls

How to be a doodle dasher
Well, you don't need a ticket
Get your doodle handy
Jump from a thicket

How about them moose goosers
 Ain't they recluse
 Up in them boondocks
 Goosin' them moose

Goosin' them huge moose
 Goosin' them tiny
 Goosin' them mother moose
 In they heine

Look at them moose goosers
 Ain't they dumb
 Some use an umbrella
 Some use a thumb

Them obtuse moose goosers
 Sneakin' thru the woods
 Pokin' them snoozy moose
 In they goods

How to be a moose gooser
 It'll turn you puce
 Get your gooser loose
 And rouse a drowsy moose

A little shade of light,
 A bed with sheets so white;
 A little light, a quiet room,
 A little loving in the gloom;
 A pair of hips, so warm and wet,
 A little whisper "Please Not Yet";
 A little pillow for the head,
 Slipped beneath the hips instead.

A little effort to begin,
 A little help to get it in;
 A little arm that grips me tight,
 When I ask, "Does it feel alright".
 She smiles and says, "It feels so good",
 And I reply, "I knew it would".

Two little legs around me wind,
 Two little slanty eyes look into mine;
 A little movement to and fro,
 A little whisper, give me more.

Two little hearts beat as one,
 Two little lovers having fun;
 A little hunch, A little sign,
 A little question, "You Cum Yet GI".

A little effort to repeat,
 A little spot upon the sheet;
 A little shower when your through
 A little drink, maybe two.

Finally

A little sleep and then,
 A little break ~~at~~ at half-past ten
 Then you arise and put of your hat,
 Look back and say - GOOD GOD, DID I SCREW THAT.

Now don't move over stanger
That ain't shit on your seat
I just got in from the west
And thats mud on my feet

I just got in from the west
With tales wild, wooly and bold
And some of those stories stanger,
Just gotta be told

Now sit a spell if you will
And I'll spin you the yarn about Rangy Lil

Now Lil was a school teacher before she came west
But she gave that up, cause she liked fucken best
And When she fucked she fucked for keeps
And piled her victims up in heaps

It was a standard bet around our town
That no man alive could fuck Lil down

Now out of the bottom of Bare Ass Creek
Came a Barrel Bellied Bastard named Piss Pot Pete
Who boasted 18 pounds of that swinging meat

And when he laid it on Murphy's Bar
It strecked from Har to Thar
And stink - My God

Now old Lil know she'd met her fate
But to call the bet was a little too late
The time and place was set by Lit
In front of the Shit House on Duffy's Hill

The people gathered from the county seat
To see the half-breed sink his meat
Old Lil, she tried hops, skips and jumps
And other tricks unknown to common cunts

But alas she missed a stroke
And the half-breed pinned her before she broke
The country side was tore up for miles around,
Where old Lils ass had drug the ground

They hung her skivvies on the shithouse door
To commemorate the plucky whore
And when the half-breed left the town
They all said - Thars the man that fucked Lil down

TOAST

May all your friends forsake you
And corns grow on your feet
And crabs as big as cockroaches
Crawl on your balls and eat

And when your old and gray
And just a syphilated wreck
I hope your head falls through your ass
And breaks your fucking neck

Answer verse?

Here's to you and here's to me,
May we never disagree,
But if we do, fuck you,
And here's to me.

A bunch of the boy's were whooping it up in one of those Yukon halls
 The piano player sat against the wall a quietly scratching his balls
 The Fargo Kid had had his hand on the box of the Lady thats knon as Lu
 And there on the floor on top of a whore was Dangerous Dan McGrew

Then out of the night as black as a bitch
 Came this raunchy old prick just in from the crick
 With a dangerous gleem in his eye
 His pants were split and covered with shit
 And he gazed round the room with a sigh

The lights went out and I dove to the floor as the stranger sprang in the night
 His aim was true, the sparks they flew there were moans and groans to my right
 The lights came on and the stranger arose with a satisfied grin on his pan
 And there on the floor with his asshole tore was poor old, Cornholed, Dan

#48

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

Monday I touched her on the ankle
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee
 Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
 Thursday, her chemise, Gor Blimey
 Friday I put my hand upon it
 Saturday she gave my balls a tweak
 And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
 And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey

Chorus: I don't want to join the ~~Army~~ AIR FORCE
 I don't want to to to war
 I just want to hang around
 Picadilly around
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady
 Don't want a bullet up my arse hole
 Don't want me buttocks shot away
 I'd rather be in England
 In jolly, jolly England
 And fornicate me bloody life away.

Call out the army and the navy
 Call out the rank and file
 Call out the royal territorials
 They face danger with a smile
 Call out the boys of the old brigade
 That made old England free
 You can call out me Mother
 Me sister and me brother
 But for God's sake don't
 Call me, Gor Blimey.

#49

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
 Seldom if ever has wet dreams
 But when he does, he comes in streams
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Chorus: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
 Cats with the syphillis, cats with the piles
 Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass,
 Mama armadillo has an iron bound ass
 But, papa armadillo has a prick of brass
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Way down south where the alligators roar,
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
'Cause all the alligators are too sore
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the elephant is a solitary bloke
Who seldom ever gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the ostrich is a funny old dick
It isn't very often that he dips his wick
But when he does he dips it quick'
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, I'm a gay cabalero coming from Rio Janeiro,
 Bouncing with me my lum bum ba de,
 And two of my lum bum ba deos.

I went to see a sweet senorita,
 An exceedingly sweet senorita.
 Taking with me my lum bum ba de,
 And both of my lum bum ba deos.

We went to a soft sofita,
 An exceedingly soft sofita.
 She wanted to see my lum bum ba de
 And both of my lum bum ba deos.

I got a bad case of clapitas,
 An exceedingly bad case of clapitas.
 On the tip of my lum bum ba de,
 And one of my lum bum ba deos.

I went to see a medico,
 An exceedingly fine medico.
 Taking with me my lum bum ba de
 And both of my lum bum ba deos.

The medico drew a stiletto,
 An exceedingly sharp stiletto.
 And cut off the tip of my lum bum ba de
 And one of my lum bum ba deos.

Now I'm a sad cabalero,
 Coming from Rio Janeiro.
 Taking with me no lum bum ba de
 And only one lum bum ba deos.

Last night as I laid on my pillow,
 I wanted to play with my willow.
 But all I find there is a hand full of hair
 And only one lum bum ba deos.

Fighter Pilot Hymnal
32 3rd Sg (USAFE) (51)

Intro: We all know that a 'Fighter Pilot' is not a person, but an attitude. No matter which seat the 'Fighter Pilot' performs his mission from, nor from what field he operates, he is above all an individualist. No doubt each one of you knows a different version to the songs included in this hymnal. However, in an effort to obtain maximum volume and thereby drive all bomber types, missile types, and weak dicks from the club, this book is dedicated to the purpose that "Everybody sings", and has a good time.

WARNING

as a 'Fighter Pilot' you are urged to keep your head on a swivel and clear yourself before you rip your nickers by serenading members of the opposite sex with a song containing some of the descriptive, guttural, four lettered, Anglo-Saxon words found in this hymnal. It is not the purpose of this hymnal to offend, rather it is to stimulate a good time between members of the Flying and Fighting profession gathered together to enjoy themselves. Let your conscience and capacity be your guide.

NOTE: For adult teen-agers and juvenile adults only

(52)

The Ballad of Bernie Fisher (Wabash Cannonball)

Sister to the small arms, hear the 20 mike mike roar,
The AI-E's are bouncing off the A Shaw Valley floor.
Hear the mighty roar of engines, hear the lonesome Hobo call,
"I'll get you home to mother when the work's all done this fall."

"Sister, A Shaw Tower," this is Hobo fifty-one,
"I want to use your runway, although it is overrun.
A friend of mine is down there a'kicking in a ditch,
I want to make a passenger-stop and save that son of a bitch!"

Sister to the small arms, hear the 20 mike mike roar,
The AI-E's are bouncing off the A Shaw Valley floor.
Hear the mighty roar of engines, hear the lonesome Hobo call,
"I'll get you home to mother when the work's all done this fall."

(53)
 So long, John, I'm off to drop the bombs,
 So don't wait up for me,
 Recounting a Spectre in any old sector,
 He can see me on his TV.
 While we're on a bombing pass,
 The Spectre's sparkling at the grass
 And gnomes hose my little ass.
 I'll try to smile somehow.
 I'll be back to you when the war is over,
 Two hours and a half from now,
 Your Spectre aborted ...
 Three hours and a half from now,
 Another tanker ...
 Four hours and a half from now.

Christmas Song (54)
 Chestnuts roasting on a Shaland fire,
 Bull frog singing in the choir,
 Samlary singing HO, HO, HO,
 It's Mally Christmas, you know.

Leekos crawling across the cold bare floor.
 Sliced lice cooking on the stove.
 Seelucks kissing near the mistletoe,
 It's Mally Christmas, you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss.
 Barbie breath gets in my way,
 VC's roasting in a napalm fire.
 Mally Christmas, Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street.
 Napalm rising at their feet,
 I dropped it low, but they went too slow,
 Mally Christmas, Uncle Ho.

VC making love near nice paddy
 Seeluck's eyes are all aglow,
 Twenty mike-mike's up his ass,
 Seeluck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greeting from old Robin olds,
 Chappie joined him over there,
 We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
 Over Ubon Ratchani, tonight ...

MIG 19 (55)
 I thought I saw a MIG 19,
 A twirling up on me.
 I did, I did. I saw him,
 As big as he could be!
 I am that great big MIG 19,
 Joan is my name.
 And if I catch that F4,
 I'll shoot him down in flames!

The Yellow Rose of Hanai (56)

There is a yellow rose in Hanai,
Who loves a fighter crew.
She runs the Hanai Hilton
And she long to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee,
And if you greet him nicely,
He'd let you stay for free.

Chorus: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,
And I'd give you a hunch
I don't want to meet her family,
'Cause they're a nasty bunch.
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast
And fish heads and rice for tea,
But so long as they don't catch me,
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,
Or you may fly a Shud,
But if you fly ~~to~~ to Hanai,
Better listen to me, Bud.
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,
Or Los Angeles and such,
But the yellow rose of Hanai
Is just a fit too much.

Chorus

Saint Napoleon Pretty to Watch (57)

grim

Chorus: Saint Napoleon pretty to watch,
" " " " to see,
It's a gas for you and me

Bright silver pods, they fall from ~~the~~ ^{the} sky,
See how the glister as homeward they fly.
They hit the earth with a resounding thud,
Burn up the trees and dries up the mud.

ch

Yellow petroleum all over the place.
People watch closely with seductive face.
Burn, burn, burn, People burned and mowed.
By pretty red flames, their bodies well scorched.

ch

Fire, fire, fire, it looks like the end.
Singes the hair and burns the skin.
Burn, burn, burn, people burned and mowed,
By pretty red flames, their bodies well scorched.

If you fly

Chorus: Did you go BOOM today?

(58)

" " " " "
Two more blew up yesterday
D.C. ain't here to stay

If you fly an eighty-nine,
you must be deaf, dumb and blind.
For your life ain't worth a dime.
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

ch
If you fly a ninety-four,
you will never hold no more,
For your lot we do not pine,
It's better than an eighty-nine.

ch
If you fly an eighty-six,
you will really get your kicks.
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys,
Playing with their radar boys.

ch
If you fly a 101,
Tell yourself it's really fun,
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew.

ch
If you fly a 102,
Don't go up unless it's blue,
For if you feel one drop of rain,
you'll be in pieces not a plane.

ch
If you fly a 104,
The whole world flocks to you doc.
Range is short, the wings don't last,
But golly it sure does fly fast.

ch
If you fly a Thunderchief,
you will soon shake like a leaf.
Flying it may make you sick,
It handles like a great big tick.

ch
If you fly a Phantom Two,
your flying days will soon be through.
It flies at twice the speed of sound,
If you can get it off the ground.

ch

Exercising a Spectre (59)

As I was exercising a spectre one evening,
and ^{was} were in orbit around Delta one one,
a non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English
was shooting at us with a communist gun.

His marksmanship showed he had his shit together.
He watered our eyes on the very 1st pass.
That non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English,
the son-of-a-bitch had balls made out of brass.

The Spectre TV was locked on his location,
Their music was playing a symphony sweet,
The non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English
was soon to receive a magnificent treat.

We trolled over the gun pit with lights bright & flashing,
He holed at our ass as we jinked left and right.
The non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English
was going to be sorry he fired that night.

We started our bomb pass from 21 thousand,
The sword locked up fast & the cross hairs were right.
We picked our bombs & started our pull-off,
The Demon was loose to rock havoc that night.

That non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English
Kept shooting at us till the LGB hit,
He won't shoot no more, Cup, and that is for certain,
The Mk 84 guided right into the pit.

Drunk (60)

Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before
For when I'm drunk I'm happy as can be
For I am a member of the Sonse family.

Now the Sonse family is the best family
That ever came over from Old Germany,
There's the Highland Dutch and Lowland Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the God Damn Dutch

Singing glorious, glorious,
One keg of beer for the force of us,
Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone! Damn near
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk - The lucky stiffs.